The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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Chick-a-dee-dee.

TWENTY little chickadees
Sitting in a row,
Twenty pairs of naked feet
Buried in the snow!
I should think you'd fly away
Where the weather's warm,
Then you wouldn't have to be
Out there in the storm.

Chilly little chickadees!
I should freeze, I know,
If I had to live out-doors
In the wind and snow;
Don't you find it very cold
For your little feet?
Don't you find it hard to get
Anything to eat?

Hungry little chickadees!
Would you like some bread?
I will give you all you want,
Or some seeds instead;
Anything you like to eat,
You shall have it free,
Every morning, every night,
If you'll come to me.

Jolly little chickadees!
Have you had enough?
Don't forget to come again
While the weather's rough.
By-bye, happy little birds!
Off the wee things swarm,
Dancing through the driving snow,
Singing in the storm.

Hearth and Home.

Hope's Song.

I HEAR it singing, singing sweetly,
Softly in an under tone,
Singing as if God had taught it,
"It is better farther on!"

Father on? How much farther?
Count the mile-stones one by one.
No! no counting—only trusting
"It is better farther on!"

For the Myrtle.

The Story of Mother Michel and her Cat.

FROM THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER VI.

How father Lustucru confided his wicked plans to Nicholas Faribole.

FATHER LUSTUCRU sought now an accomplice. He had thought, at first, of taking some one of the servants in the house; but he knew that they were all devoted to mother Michel, and might inform against him, and cause him to lose his place in the house, where he held a very high and lucrative position; however, he had need of some one to help him. Whom should he take, a man, woman or child? Wondering thus, Lustucru went out one morning early to take a walk; when he stepped outside the door, he noticed on the other side of the street a very homely woman dressed very gaily. This woman had cross eyes, a yellow and copper colored complexion, and a nose like a parrot, and altogether she looked like an old withered lemon. She was talking with a boy about fourteen years of age, who was covered with rags, but who had a bright and pleasing face; father Lustucru thought he knew this strange old woman, but he could not recall where he had seen her; if he had been less dreamy, he would have tried to think, but the idea of getting rid of Monmouth absorbed him entirely, and he went on his way with a careworn look, his forehead wrinkled, his arms folded in front, and his

eyes fixed upon the ground, as if he expected the accomplice he desired to come up out it. He wandered in this way for some time, and the morning breeze did not refresh him, and the sight of the free sky and the song of the birds did not awaken in him those calm and sweet emotions, which they inspire in good people.

When he returned the old woman was no longer there, but the boy remained in the same place, seated upon a post, his nose in the air, and gazing at the countess' house with fixed attention. Lustucru went up and spoke to him. "What are you doing here, my boy?"

"I? nothing! I am only looking at that house."

"I can easily believe that, but why do you look at it?"

"Because I think it beautiful, and I would like to live there; they ought to be very happy in there!"

"Oh, that may be," replied father Lustucru; "they pass their days happily enough,—but who was the lady with whom you were talking just now?"

"It was Mrs. Bradamore, a fortune teller, who lives below here on the other side of the street."

"Precisely. Do you know her?"

"A little, I have sometimes done errands for her."

"Ah! ah! and what did this old woman say to you?"

"She told me, that if I could be a servant in that house I should have a pleasant life."

"But the countess is absent, and as to the rest, the house is quite full."

"What a pity," replied the young boy sighing.

Father Lustucru made no reply but went towards the house as far as the gate, placed his hand upon the knob, and then turning round suddenly, came back to the child;

"What is your name?"

"Nicholas Languemé, after my father; but I am most generally known by the name of Faribole."

"Where is your home?"

"I have none; my father is a sailor and I live the best way I can, do errands; I sell may-flies, blackbirds and parrots; I pick up nails from the gutters and sell them on the wharfs; I fish upon the logs in the Seine; I sing songs upon Pont Neuf; I light the lamps at the fêtes of the king; but all these trades do me no good, and I hardly earn enough to eat from day to day."

"You interest me," said father Lustucru, "and I have a great desire to help you along in the world. I say, Faribole, have you a taste for cooking?"

"Dear me! I like all good things to eat, but I have no money to buy them."

"I did not ask if you were greedy, you young good-for-nothing, I asked if you liked to work in the kitchen."

"I do not know, sir, I never tried."

"Oh well, Faribole, I will give you some lessons, come with me; I will give you some clothes, and take you into my service as assistant until the countess comes. She is a good lady and will, no doubt, take you, but if she should not, you can begin with me now, and then you will be able to get a place some where else as assistant."

"Do you then live in the countess' house?"

"I am her butler," said father Lustucru very proudly.

Faribole's eyes glowed with pleasure; he bowed respectfully to the butler and said; "How much I thank you!"

Faribole was installed the same day, and was cordially welcomed by the other servants of the house. He was good humored, sensible and quick, and, when he became accustomed to his work, did it very well indeed.

"Faribole," said the butler several days after, to the boy, "it is well to instruct you in the ways of the house. There is a very powerful individual here who reigns sovereign master, whose wishes you must gratify, whose caprices you must humor, and this individual is a cat. If you wish the good will of every one in the house you must make yourself pleasing to the cat, and if he returns your affection you will gain the love of the countess and of mother Michel also."

"The cat shall be my friend, and I shall be the cat's friend," replied the boy with great confidence.

So he petted and caressed Monmouth until the cat was heartily attached to him and followed him with pleasure, and readily played with him. Mother Michel was almost jealous of the boy, and father Lustucru laughed in his sleeve and clapped his hands.

One evening he called Faribole into his chamber, and after he was sure that no one was near to listen, shut the door and said: "Monmouth is your friend, you have followed my directions perfectly."

"I can remain here then, can I not?" asked the child.

"Perhaps so, do you like it then?"

"Of course I do, for I, who used to have brown bread only once a day, have now four good meals a day. Before, I had an old ragged coat, and my pants were all patched, while now, I am dressed like a prince. I no longer suffer from cold, and, instead of sleeping in the open air, I fall asleep every night in an excellent bed, where I dream of gingrebread and sponge cake."

Father Lustucru leaned his head upon his right hand, and fixing upon Faribole his sharp eyes said: "If it should become necessary for you to kill this vagabond of a cat, what would you do?"

"I believe I should die of sorrow."

"Do you wish then to keep your place in the house?"

"I do certainly."

"Certainly?"

"Yes, more than anything else."

"Very well then, this is what you must do for me, if you stay. Monmouth follows you willingly; you shall take him into the garden to-night, you shall put him into a bag which I have made for that purpose, you shall tie up the bag—

"And then?" said Faribole, opening his eyes very wide.

"We will arm ourselves with clubs, and we will beat him to death."

"Never! never!" cried the poor, boy whose hair stood on end with fright.

"Then get out of here, or I will chase you."

"You will chase me?" said Faribole, clasping his hands.

"I will give you five minutes to decide; remember, you depend upon me here, upon me alone!"

Poor Faribole began to cry, and the butler added in a harsh voice, "Come, no more faces, leave your good clothes here, take your old ones and be gone."

After saying these words, the butler took from the closet the miserable clothes which Faribole had worn the day he came. He took them disdainfully between his thumb and fore-finger and threw them upon the floor. The child looked first at the clothes he had on, then at his old ones, and the comparison was not in favor of the latter, and he burst into the most heartrending sobs. However he was determined not to buy the fine clothes at the price of a wicked deed. He took off his vest resolutely, then his coat, but the idea of giving up his new shoes to go barefooted as before on the gravel and sharp stones in the street, made the unfortunate Faribole's heart ache, and he hesitated a moment, and father Lustucru, who had watched him closely, profited by this circumstance.

"Foolish boy," he said, "you refuse the good home it is easy for you to keep. If I had asked you to kill any thing else but a cat, I could understand your scruples and respect them, but what is there so terrible in killing a cat? What is a cat worth? Nothing, less than nothing; why! people care so little for cats that whenever five or six little kittens are born, they always select the prettiest one to keep and then throw the rest into the river."

"But Monmouth is a very wise cat," said Faribole in a plaintive voice, "and then you know I love him."

"You love him! You *dare* to love him!" cried the butler in great rage; "very well, *I* hate him and I wish he were dead!"

"But what has he done to you?"

"No matter, I wish he were dead and that's enough."

"Have pity on him," cried Faribole, throwing himself at the feet of the hard-hearted man.

"No, I have no pity for him, nor for you either. Go! quickly, this very instant! It pours, you will be wet through, you will freeze to death to-night, but so much the better."

The rain fell in torrents upon the roof, and the wind went howling through the long corridors of the house. Then poor Faribole thought of the storm and the cold, and how hungry he should be, and he had no where to sleep and no place to go to, and father Lustucru's words, "What is a cat worth?" came to him, and he said in a low tone:

"Father Lustucru, I will do whatever you wish."

"Will you take Monmouth in the garden tomorrow evening?"

"Yes, father Lustucru."

"Will you beat him with me?"

The reply to this question was a long time coming. Faribole turned pale and trembled; he hung his head and his arms hung down at his side, as if he had given way under the weight of his sorrow, then he murmured, "Yes, father Lustucru."

M. C. Schouler.

THE mind has more room in it than most people think, if they would only furnish the apartments.

For the Myrtle.

The Sermons our Grandfather's Heard.

YOU thought it a tiresome long sermons you say?"
What would you have thought in your grandfather's day

Your grandfather, child, who sat up in his pew,
And listened to sermons three hours getting through!

And the seats were so hard, and the house was so cold,
And his feet swung high up from the floor, as we're told.

And there he sat on, from the time of the text,
Through the first and the second, the next and the next,

Through the heads and the argument, solid and strong,
Through the proofs and examples, so prosy and long,

Through the words of St Peter and words of St. Paul,
To the sixteenth and lastly, improvement and all!

If you find it hard *now* to keep wakeful and prime,
Don't you think you'd have yawned in your grandfather's time?

H. A. B.

For the Myrtle.

Asking and Receiving.

HARRY WHITE was the son of a widow, and his mother did copying for a lawyer to support herself and her boy. When she had a certain amount of work done, she used to fold the sheets in a basket and give them to Harry to carry to her employer's home, and receive the money for her work.

Once when Harry was in the gentleman's library waiting for him to come in, he saw a plate of large, rosy apples standing on a side table.

He went near where they stood and put his face down to smell their flavor. Oh, how delicious it was! and how much Harry wanted one of them, for an apple was a luxury to him, and such a nice one as these he never had.

But Harry did not take one, and did not even touch them. He only looked at them and went back and sat down.

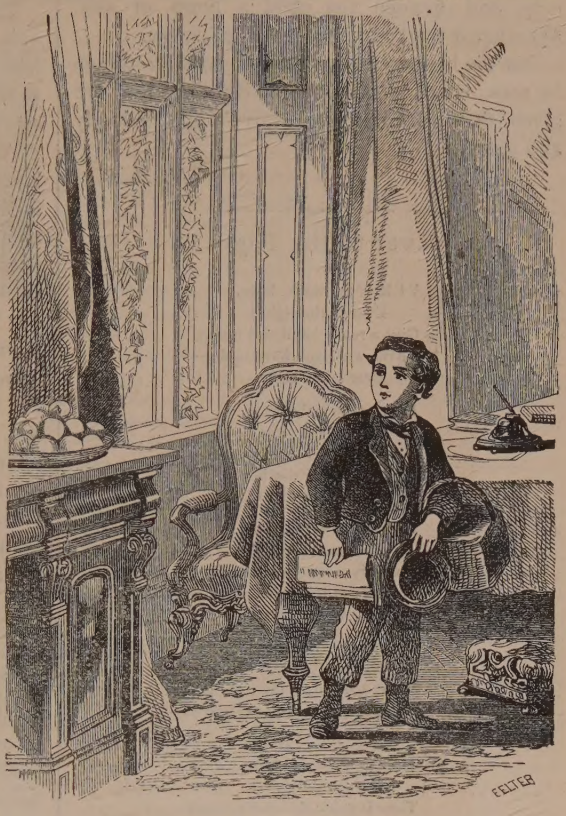
Just at this moment the lawyer came in. He had been watching Harry from the hall, and wondering if he would take an apple without leave.

He took the basket and looked over the papers and put them away, and counted out the money, all the time thinking that Harry would ask him for an apple. But Harry did not.

Then he took up the basket, and Harry held out his hand for it. But the lawyer did not give it to him. Instead, he went to the side table, took up the plate of apples and poured them *all* into the basket, and said to Harry with a smile, "That is a little pay to you for being such a good errand-boy. I hope you will divide them with your mother."

Harry's face blushed red, for it seemed as if the lawyer knew his thoughts, and he feared he had looked too steadily at the apples. But he managed to express his thanks, for all that.

He did not know that it was his self-denial and good behavior that had won him so rich a treat. If he had asked for one, he would have received one, and no more. That would not have been very bad — not so bad as taking one without leave; but his politeness that would not let him ask for one, gained the whole basketful.



Children have many ways of getting the things they desire. There is the taking way, that is not very "taking" in manners, the direct asking, which is better, and the indirect asking, which is almost as bad as taking. I once knew two little girls, the elder of whom would send the younger to ask for things, and then say reproachfully "Why, Kitty! how many times has mother told you you mustn't tease for things, aren't you ashamed to do so!" I know a girl who would stand near her mates, when they were eating fruit, at school, and say, coaxingly, "Don't you like peaches? *I* do." I know a little boy who circulates around the candy-box in the room of some friends, and says every little while, "I don't want any candy," but he takes it very readily, nevertheless. He has done it so many times that now when he says, "I don't want any," they answer, "oh, no! of course not, we know you don't."

A little girl was once watching a lady cut salt off a large lump. She thought it was loaf sugar, and said "my mother always gives me some when *she* cuts it off."

"Very well, I will give you some," said the

lady, and handed the child a lump of salt. Whether it worked a cure I do not know.

But the best way for a child to ask for things he sees, is not to ask at all, and then if they are given, they will come, like Harry's apples, freely and gladly.

H. A. B.

Ever to the Right.

EVER to the right, boys,
Ever to the right!
Give a ready hand and true
To the work you have to do—
Ever to the right.

Ever to the right, boys,
Ever to the right!
Never let your teachers say,
"Why my wishes disobey?"
Ever to the right.

Ever to the right, boys,
Ever to the right!
To every study well attend,
To every schoolmate be a friend—
Ever to the right.

Ever to the right, boys,
Ever to the right!
Speak the truth, the right pursue:
Be honest in all you say and do—
Ever to the right.

Ever to the right, boys,
Ever to the right!
Time is gold; do what you can
To make your mark and be a man—
Ever to the right.

A School-Boy's Story.

John Tubbs was one day doing his sums, when little Sam Jones pushed against him; and down went the slate with a horrid clatter. "Take care of the pieces!" said the boys laughing. But Mr. Brill, the master, thought it no laughing matter, and believing it to be John Tubb's fault, told him that he should pay for the slate, and have his play stopped for a week.

John said nothing. He did not wish to get little Sam into trouble; so he bore the blame quietly. John's mother was by no means pleased at having to pay for the slate, as she was a poor woman, and had to provide for several other little Tubbses besides John.

"I tell you what it is, John," said she, "you must learn to be more careful. I will not give you any milk for your breakfast all the week; and by this I shall save money for the slate, which it is right you should pay for."

Poor John ate his bread with water instead of milk; but somehow he was not unhappy, for he felt that he had done a kindness to little Sam Jones; and the satisfaction of having rendered a service to another always brings happiness.

A few days after, Mr. Jones came to the schoolhouse and spoke to Mr. Brill about the matter; for little Sam had told his father and mother all about it. Sam was a timid boy, but he could not bear to see John Tubbs kept in for no fault, while the other boys were at play.

"What!" said the master, "and has John Tubbs borne all the blame without saying a word? Come here, John."

"What's the matter now?" said John to himself. "Something else, I suppose. Well, never mind, so that poor little Sam Jones has got out of his scrape."

"Now, boys," said Mr. Brill, "here's John Tubbs. Look at him!" And the boys did look at him as a criminal; and John looked very much like a criminal, and began to think that he must be a bad sort of a fellow to be called up in this way by his master.

Then Mr. Brill, the master, told the boys all about the broken slate, that John did not break it, but bore all the blame to save Sam Jones from trouble, and had gone without his milk and play without a murmur. The good school-master said that such conduct was above all praise; and when he was done speaking, the boys burst out into a cheer. Such a loud hurrah! it made the school-walls ring again. Then they took John on their shoulders, and carried him in triumph around the play-ground.

And what did John say to all this? He only said, "There, that'll do. If you don't mind, you'll throw a fellow down."

Alphabet of Proverbs.

He has hard work who has nothing to do.
It costs more to avenge than to forgive.
Justice lives with benevolence.
Knavery is the worst trade.
Learning makes a man fit company for himself.
Modesty is a guard to virtue.
Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it.
One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.
Proud looks make foul work in fair faces.
Quiet conscience gives sweet sleep.
Richest is he that wants least.

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS

—The parish and Sunday School at New Bedford had a reunion of past and present members on the afternoon and evening of Jan. 14. Invitations were issued to every former pastor, to all members of the Sunday School and choir, past and present. Entertainment was furnished through their stay for all who came from abroad.

— The anniversary of the Worcester Sunday School was held on Sunday morning, Jan 11. The attendance was very large, and the exercises were of great interest, including the opening services and address by the pastor, Rev. T. E. St. John, addresses by the Supt., Mr. Wm. Mecorney, and others, and singing by the school. The Secretary report showed a membership of over four hundred, and a library of eleven hundred volumes. The one-lesson system is in use, and was highly commended by the report.

—Besides the Sunday School and Sunday services begun at Wesleyan Hall in Boston, by the Sunday School Union, there is given a series of lectures to Sunday School teachers, on Monday, evenings by clergymen in the vicinity. The first was by Rev. G. H. Emerson, on "The Empire of Solomon." The second by Rev. L. L. Briggs on "The Bible;" the third by Rev. C. H. Leonard of Tufts College, — a familiar convention on "Methods of Studying Church History." These lectures are very interesting, and the hall ought to be crowded every time. But we hope, before the winter is through, some of the lessons will bear on the topics of the *Helper* lessons for the winter, — namely, the founding of the Jewish nation. No other lectures would be of such immediate practical benefit to the teachers as these.

—The Columbus Avenue Sunday School last Sunday listened to an address from Rev. Mr. Waterhouse of the Children's Mission, a charity which has been carried on by the children of the Unitarian church, which they are invited to aid. It is now twenty-five years old, and has been instrumental in furnishing homes for five thousand homeless little ones. The school had also a brief farewell address from the senior pastor, Rev. Dr. Miner, who is to be absent in California for two or three months. His remarks were full of feeling, and brought tears to all eyes. The school will hold a sale and festival during the last of this month, to help pay the large bills for new service and singing-books.

— The Fruit and Flower Mission of the Shawmut Church distributed among the poor and sick last summer, from May 1st to October 1st, over four hundred bouquets of flowers, besides a considerable quantity of fruit.

MAINE.

—The Sunday School in Augusta is reported in excellent condition. The Bible class, in particular, was never so large as now.

—The Sunday School in Dexter celebrated its forty-first anniversary on Sunday evening, Jan. 4. The number enrolled is 187, with an average attendance of 107.

CONNECTICUT.

—The Universalist society in Hartford always give a festival to the children of the Sunday School every winter. This year it came on one of the stormiest nights of the season, yet Music Hall was well filled with happy ones, and a very pleasant time was enjoyed by all who attended.

—The Sunday School at Middletown, under the superintendence of the Hon S. C. Hubbard, is in a prosperous condition, and large in proportion to the parish. The Superintendent stated that the average attendance for the last six months had been 157. This is the third Sunday School of our church, in size, in the state, we think, — that at Hartford being the first, and Norwich the second.

—The Sunday School at Norwich has an anniversary concert to communicate the establishment of the school: but the occasion does not differ much from the anniversaries held by most of our Sunday Schools. At the holding of this anniversary, Sunday evening Feb. 1st, the Superintendent, Mr. Charles H. Dillaby, gave an interesting history of the school from its beginning. The first and most interesting fact in its history is that it was started by the first pastor of the parish, Rev. Chas. Hudson, in 1822, and is thought to be the first Sunday School attempted by the Universalist denomination. This gives it the title of the "Pioneer School." After the removal of this pastor it had its struggles and trials till 1836, when it was re-organized with Theodore F. Albertson for Superintendent. He held the office seven years. After him Mr. Charles Tracy held the place for ten years. During this time the Teachers meetings were begun. The next five years saw two or three changes, when, in 1861, Mr. B. B. Whittemore took the Superintendency and held it for ten years. In 1871 the office was taken by Mr. Dillaby. Undoubtedly the welfare of the school has been greatly promoted by these long terms of service. The membership of the school is now 214, average 124. During the year the pastor, Rev. J. J. Twiss, presented the School with a beautiful standard, to be held by the class whose average attendance and deportment was the best. It had been held by Miss Moore's, Mr. Whittemore's and the infant class. A prize was offered to those children who should not miss a session of the School during the year, and fifteen made the record. At this anniversary, addresses were made by the Superintendent from Worcester, Mass., by a visitor from Providence R. I., and by a former Superintendent. A letter was read from Mr. B. B. Whittemore, who is now Superintendent of the school at Wesleyan Hall, Boston.

NEW YORK.

—The First Church in Syracuse has been without a pastor for nearly two years but has maintained services either by supplies or the reading of sermons by some member of the parish. The Sunday School has also been actively maintained. Now that they a new pastor, Rev. G. B. Stocking, he finds his Zion not waste from long neglect, but blooming and bearing fruit ready for his hand.

—The second Sunday School in Rochester, formed some time ago, has now, in the same hall, Sunday evening lectures, given by Dr Saxe to large audiences. It is hoped that a new society will be the result.

—The Sunday School connected with the Church at Little Falls is in a healthy state, under the superintendency of Br. N. B. Hyde, having a larger average attendance than in the summer. A supper and sleigh-ride are to be given the children of the Sunday School next week. This popular Superintendent, and the organist, Miss Lizzie Hoyt, were called upon by the members of the parish a few evenings since, when the former was presented with a handsome water-pitcher, salver and goblets, and the latter with a fine set of furs—a thoughtful yet deserved gift for each.

NEW JERSEY.

—The school at Newark celebrated Christmas by special Sunday exercises and a festival, and an unusual number of gifts. The infant class set the good example by a valuable gift to the Superintendent, from which it spread to other members of the School, to the teachers, and included the pastor, in mutual benefits.

Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XLIV.—PAUL.

Question. — Who created a mob in the temple, to injure St. Paul?

Answer. — Acts xxi. 27.

NOTE. Jews, wherever they were scattered, intended to be present at Jerusalem at the Feast of the Passover. Among those present at this one, were some who had seen Paul in Asia, and had been violently opposed to him there. Thinking that he was now present where there were none but Jews, they sought to take his life by violence.

Q. — As they tried to arouse the people to violence, what did they charge against St. Paul?

A. — Acts xxi. 28.

NOTE. Paul had taught that it was no longer necessary to conform to the ceremonial law to secure the favor of God. He had taught also, that the temple and its services would pass away.

Q. — What else did they charge Paul with?

A. — Acts xxi. 28.

NOTE Gentiles were not permitted to enter the temple further than the court of the Gentiles, upon pain of death. The Jews of Asia sought to arouse the indignation of the people by making the false charge that Paul had brought Gentiles into the temple beyond their court, and thus render the temple unclean.

Q. — Did the people become excited?

A. — Acts xxi. 30.

Q. — What did they do with the Apostle?

A. — Acts xxi. 30.

NOTE. They shut the door of the temple to prevent the pollution of the temple by human blood spilled in murder. They were eager to commit the greatest of sins, but did not wish to commit it in the temple.

Q. — What did they attempt to do to Paul after they had forced him out of the temple?

A. — Acts xxi. 31.

Q. — Who was informed of the mob?

A. — Acts xxi. 31.

NOTE Violence in the temple was so common that the Roman authorities stationed soldiers near by, to be in readiness to quell violence there at any time.

Q. — What did the military commander in Jerusalem do, when he was informed of the mob?

A. — Acts xxi. 32.

NOTE. As a centurion commanded a hundred soldiers, it appears from the text, that the commander in chief took a number of companies, that he might quell the mob effectually.

Q. — When the Jews saw the commander with his soldiers, what did they do?

A. — Acts xxi. 32.

Hidden Seed

Enigma.

1. A town where Paul proclaimed his Master's name.
2. The chosen gift that brought a great king fame.
3. Who thought upon his God at eventide?
4. Who stayed with Paul when he was sorely tried?
5. What tribe of yore did teach God's holy way?
6. Who carried Jewish princes far away?
7. A learned scribe who taught God's holy word.
8. What beauteous plant is like our blessed Lord?
9. Whose wrath a brother did by prayer assuage?
10. What Syrian king did war with Judah wage?
11. Who from the dead was raised again to life?
12. Who went to choose his master's son a wife?
13. Who, like a bounding roe, with swiftness ran?
14. By what did God his will reveal to man?
15. What spot for luscious fruits was once renowned?
16. What to the captive gave a joyful sound?
17. What prophet raised the Jews to holy zeal?
18. Who for a captive king did pity feel?
19. Who from the dead was raised again by Paul?
20. What prophet did foretell Assyria's fall?
21. Who kept God's ark, and for its sake was blest?
22. Who would not grant his subjects' just request?
23. Who trembled when Paul preached God's holy word?
24. Who did his country rescue with the sword?
25. To whom did Paul a salutation send?
26. What valiant judge his people did defend?
27. What beauteous woman did King David wed?
28. Who a rebellion against Moses led?
29. Who taught her son in early years to pray?
30. Who walked from childhood in God's holy way?
31. Who for God's temple goodly cedars sent?
32. Who of a cruel purpose did relent?
33. Who, when his servant was opressed with fear,
    Showed him that holy angels hovered near?

    In the initials of these names combined,
    A gracious promise of our God we find.

Answer.

FEB. 14. Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.

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